THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1900.

Telephone Calls (Old and New.)
Business Office....238 | Editorial Rooms....86

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

BY CARRIER—INDIANAPOLIS and SUBURBS
Daily, Sunday included, 50 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, 40 cents per month.
Single copies; Daily, 2 cents; Sunday, 5 cents.

BY AGENTS ELSEWHERE:
Daily, per week, 10 cents.
Daily, Sunday included, per week, 15 cents.
Sunday, per issue, 5 cents.

BY MAIL PREPAID:
Daily edition, one year $5.00
Daily and Sunday, one year 7.70
Sunday only, one year 2.60

REDUCED RATES TO CLUBS.

Weekly Edition.
One copy, one year ..... 60 cents

Five cents per month for periods less than a year. No subscription taken for less than three months.

REDUCED RATES TO CLUBS.

Subscribe with any of our numerous agents or send subscription to the

JOURNAL NEWSPAPER COMPANY,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Persons sending the Journal through the mails in the United States should put on an eight-page paper a ONE-CENT postage stamp; on a twelve or sixteen-page paper a TWO-CENT postage stamp. Foreign postage is usually double these rates.

All communications intended for publication in this paper must, in order to receive attention, be accompanied by the name and address of the writer.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is inclosed for that purpose.

Entered as second-class matter at Indianapolis, Ind., postoffice.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL

Can be found at the following places:
NEW YORK—Astor House and Fifth-avenue Hotel.
CHICAGO—Palmer House, P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street.
CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley & Co., 154 Vine street.
LOUISVILLE—C. T. Deering, northwest corner of Third and Jefferson streets, and Louisville Book Co., 256 Fourth avenue.
ST. LOUIS—Union News Company, Union Depot.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Riggs House, Ebbitt House and Willard's Hotel.

It looks as if a very much larger number of people than usual would put country above party this year.

If Mr. Bryan would make a few more speeches in the gas belt the Republicans could afford to rest their case.

Richard Croker, Tammany boss, has issued a statement rebuking sin. Something of the kind has been heard of before.

In Chinese affairs the principal business of European powers at present seems to be falling in line and keeping step with the United States.

A few days ago Jacob S. Coxey, who led an "industrial army" to Washington in 1894, advertised for workers on his new steel plant, but did not express any special preference for comrades of six years ago.

It is the rather neutral Chicago Record which asks: "When Mr. Bryan talks of the menace of an army of 100,000 men to a nation of 75,000,000 of people, is he a statesman, a mischief-maker or a fool?" Certainly not a statesman.

The successes of American diplomacy during President McKinley's administration have been more marked than in any other administration since the government was formed. They have been such as to make every patriotic American proud.

The New York law assessing corporations and franchises, which was urged by Governor Roosevelt, has increased the appraisement from $96,000,000 to $266,000,000. The New York Telegram says the passage of the bill "was one of the most noteworthy triumphs in the recent annals of American legislation."

Coal was the largest item hauled by nearly all the railroads in the country last year, contributing one-fourth of the tonnage moved by rail. Lumber follows coal in the aggregate tonnage, and the "crops" are next after this, or about 60,000,000 tons. Most people would put the crops at the head of the list.

The overwhelming victory of the British Conservatives in the parliamentary elections foreshadows a similar victory of the Republicans in this country. The Conservatives were the war party and the Liberals put themselves in a position where they were stigmatized as "little Englishmen." We have "little Americans."

At one point in Nebraska a late captain in Colonel Bryan's regiment told Mr. Roosevelt there were fifty-three members of the regiment in that congressional district, a poll of whom showed that forty-five would vote the whole Republican ticket, six would vote for the Republican electors, and two would vote for Mr. Bryan.

Governor Roosevelt's campaigning tour in the far West and Northwest ended yesterday with a great reception and ovation in Chicago. From there, after a little much-needed rest, he will continue his speaking tour through the Central Western States, including Indiana. With comparatively little previous experience in that line he has developed into a great campaigner.

A large number of the manufacturing concerns in this State are corporations, though not trusts. Many of them are operating under business agreements with other concerns relative to the output, distribution and marketing of their products. To class them all as trusts and wipe them out of existence, as Mr. Bryan says he would do if elected President, would be a great blow to labor as well as to capital.

While it was apparent that there was a large part of the British people who did not approve the Boer war, the voting for members of the House of Commons shows that the policy of Lord Salisbury's Ministry is generally approved, and by no element more emphatically than the working people, who, it was asserted, would be hostile to the war. This shows that the mass of people, when it comes to war, sustains the government.

The president of the Ohio State University is credited with the statement that "a college education is a perfect guarantee against poverty and distress," and his statement is sharply challenged, as it can be. The truth is that about as many men who have college educations have a hard time of it in proportion to their number as can be found in any other class of people. While it is true that there is a wider field for the college graduate than years ago, all the avenues to fair remuneration are crowded. Such an education is, beyond doubt, a great advantage, but the college man is not often willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and the education which he has acquired has fitted him for but few vocations. The technical school has opened a new field for the highly-educated, but it is far from true that the college course, as it has usually been understood, insures the average graduate against "poverty and distress." Very much, indeed, all, depends upon the man.

THE PART OF PEACEMAKER.

The past week has witnessed a great change for the better in the Chinese situation. A week ago the Emperor of Germany seemed determined upon a policy that would have compelled the setting up of a government in China by the powers with courts for the trial of the leaders in the hostilities and barbarities practiced upon foreigners. If the German government and one or two other powers had insisted upon that policy, a division among the powers would have resulted, which would have been most unfortunate. The United States government could not uphold the policy of at once punishing the leaders of the disturbances and violators of treaties, since to establish any sort of tribunals in China would involve extended occupation of the country or such portion of it as can be reached. On the other hand, the failure of the powers to agree upon a line of action would have encouraged the Chinese to more determined resistance.

When the proposition of Germany was made known to President McKinley he lost no time in informing the Emperor's representatives that the United States would not agree to it or join in any policy that might take from China the right to punish those who have offended, because it is the policy of the administration to build up and sustain a native government in China which will not array itself against the powers. It would seem that the good sense of the German Emperor has caused him, on the representation of the United States, to reconsider his proposition and join the other powers in adopting the line of action set forth by Secretary Hay weeks ago. It will be remembered that the diplomats whose tactics is dilly-dallying sharply censured the administration a week ago because, without delay, the German Emperor was informed that the United States would not take part in the policy which he had proposed. Such diplomats contended that more time should be taken, and that silence like that of the British government would have better befitted the government which is so new in world-wide politics. It now appears that the prompt expression of disapproval was the determining factor in bringing about the change in the Emperor's plan. There is reason why it should. He knows that the United States has no other object in China than to care for American citizens and their interests. That done it desires to leave China to be ruled by the progressive element. Germany and the other powers know that the United States is not in favor of and will not make an alliance with one or two other powers to the detriment of the others. They believe that the administration desires that all the nations shall have equal rights in China, standing now, as when Secretary Hay made his treaty, for the "open door."

The ground taken by the administration is that negotiations should be begun at once with the commissioners named representing the liberal element, that the new treaties make the lives of foreigners in China secure by the punishment of such ringleaders as Prince Tuan. This done, it will be a long time before a Chinese Emperor will permit the murder of foreigners in China. The powers have adopted the original proposition, which is so important that the best informed style it a great triumph for American doplomacy. It is not great simply because the powers have accepted it, but because it is a wise and beneficent policy, insuring peace in China and between the powers. Those who have been predicting a general European war over the complications in China growing out of jealousies in parceling out the country or the establishment of "spheres of influence," must now see that as prophets they did not take into consideration the influence of the new power in the world's affairs or did not estimate the potency of the influence of this government in pursuing a line of action that tended to the peace of the world. Three years ago it would have been different. The United States was not then in a position to exert any influence upon European powers, much less to dictate a policy which would make a great war between European powers impossible. The Chinese complications settled without war, it may be assumed that after such a peaceful solution of international difficulties a European war or a war between the first-class powers hereafter will be next to impossible. Thus the McKinley administration appears in world-wide affairs as a world-wide peacemaker.

THE CARNIVAL THIS WEEK.

It is an old charge, many times repeated, that Americans take their pleasures sadly. In the sense that they do not enter into gayeties and festivities with the abandon and utter forgetfulness of serious affairs characteristic of certain foreign races on such occasions the charge was, and still is, true, but there are numerous indications that they are much more ready to enter into the spirit of merrymaking than formerly. Various causes might be assigned for this change. The increased admixture of the foreign element in the population has had something to do with it. Americans of staid English lineage have become familiar, for example, with the unaffectedly joyous manner in which Germans observe their family or public fete days, and have perhaps unconsciously acquired a leaning in the same direction. An increased and prevailing prosperity, too, has lightened the heavy pressure of care and toil and has given greater opportunity for pleasure and relaxation. The wholesome idea that busy workers in every department of life are the better for a share of recreation, and that, in fact, their physical and moral welfare positively calls for it, has also gained ground of late. But, at all events, it is certain that people turn with eagerness to whatever offers for their entertainment, and that the gayer and more cheerful the entertainment the better they like it. Theaters have multiplied within the last few years, but the crowds that flock to them want comedy, not tragedy; they want to be amused.

How completely they can enter into the carnival spirit is uncertain, the carnival being an experiment so far as Indianapolis is concerned, but there is no doubt that if they come they will be well entertained, even those who have not yet learned the happy secret of throwing off care and taking pleasure lightheartedly. The carnival promoters, at least, are leaving nothing undone for their diversion. The city is now in such holiday attire as it has never before known. One might travel the world over and not see such a brilliant spectacle as Monument Place will present, with its motley "Midway," its innumerable banners and its myriad electric lights. As a glittering pageant it will be worth coming far to see. Washington street will hardly be less attractive. The various parades, including the "floral," the "grotesque and funny," and the grand procession of "floats" of fanciful device will be other features of the gayety. All these things have the merit of novelty, and few, it may be believed, can join the crowds of sightseers without feeling moved by the holiday spirit to an extent that will make them feel repaid for coming, and send them home rejuvenated, if their years are more than they like to count, and with gay and happy memories if they are of the youthful generation. Beginning with Tuesday, some special form of entertainment has been provided for every day in the week. The outlay of the carnival association and of individual citizens has been on a most liberal and unstinted scale. Residents of Indianapolis have opened their homes to their friends and are anticipating much pleasure from the occasion. The more who come to share in the festivities the greater the merrymaking. It will be a gala time, an event in the city's history. Fun, frolic and drollery will be the order of the week. All Indianians are invited to join in the amusements; all who come will be welcome.

PROFESSIONAL VS. AMATEUR.

Some journalists and professional literary workers in London are making a curious complaint against publishers of periodicals. It is that the latter are taking the bread out of their mouths by inviting and using contributions from persons who have been brought into public notice for any reason, regardless of their lack of training as writers. Politicians are asked to write about public affairs, manufacturers about business, and doctors, lawyers and other specialists on subjects relating to their respective callings, while professional writers are pushed into the background and forced to do hackwork and to peddle their wares to inferior publications, or wherever they can find a market.

There is a foundation for this protest, no doubt. The custom is common with magazine publishers in this country of securing contributions from celebrities of the hour merely because they are celebrities and not because they have anything of especial moment to say, or because they can say nothing in an attractive manner. It happens, now and then, however, that a specialist who is not a practiced writer has something to tell that interests the public, and, because it is his specialty and his mind is full of it, it is better given at first hand than when it passes through the medium of another mind. There are notable cases where men who have spent their lives in callings which involved little exercise of the literary faculty have finally produced works that have taken their place among real literature. General Grant's "Memoirs" is an illustration. He was telling the story of the war as he saw it. His mind was occupied with the incidents of those eventful years; his natural tendency in thought and expression was to straightforward simplicity; he was not concerned with literary elegance, but with setting forth the facts and opinions clearly and succinctly. As a consequence, the narrative came from his pen without a burden of superfluities and with a style that many professional writers could not equal.

But such cases are the exception. As a rule, the work of the unpracticed writer betrays itself easily to the discerning reader. When it does not, when one of the passing celebrities of the day appears as the author of an admirably written article, there is often room for suspicion that the signing of his name is his only part in it. For it is no secret that many of the newspapers and magazine contributions printed over the signatures of noted personages—actors and actresses, singers, travelers, successful business men, men and women of public or social prominence are not written by themselves, but by professional writers engaged for the purpose. This sort of production is not creditable either to the periodical which uses it or to the individual who purports to be its author. As for the real writer, he receives a pecuniary compensation perhaps more liberal than if he had sold the contribution in his own name, and has nothing to complain of save the loss of identity common to members of the journalistic profession.

Nor has the professional writer really much cause for alarm over the seeming encroachments of the contributing celebrity, who does his own writing. This sort of magazine "feature" will, no doubt, continue to have a place, owing to the theory held by some editors and publishers that public curiosity in personages of consequence justifies the use of their intrinsically valueless productions, but it will never come to pass that newspapers or magazines can be dependent on the work of amateur authors, however accomplished they may be in other directions. Contrary to the opinion commonly entertained the writer's profession is one calling for long and careful apprenticeship. It also involves some original talent for the work. Not every one who has a college education and a discriminating taste in literature can produce literature. On the contrary, the experienced and long-suffering editor of any newspaper or periodical will be ready to aver in his haste that the average college graduate with no special training as a writer cannot write a ten-line paragraph free of redundancy or other faults of expression, or even free of faults of grammar. The work of the practiced writer is not always free from error, of course; he falls into careless habits, he writes under the disadvantage of haste and lack of time for revision; he has defects of style of which he is unconscious. The careful editor finds abundant need for editing in most matter that passes through his hands from whatever source, but with rare exceptions he prefers the work of the experienced professional to that of the amateur or unpracticed writer. The former knows how to begin and when to stop; he has a "sense" for what is interesting, and that he presents, rejecting the unimportant. He does not indulge in useless digressions, but sticks to his text; he has an idea of form and proportion; his effort is to present his subject clearly, and his style is simple and unaffected. He may be annoyed and irritated at the occasional prominence of the unskilled amateur, but so long as he produces "copy" in which he tells a story clearly, in language that does not need to be revised before it is intelligible; so long as he has an understanding of what is news or what is of general interest; so long as he can spell and punctuate correctly, just so long will he hold the palm over his apparent rivals, for commonly they do none of these things.

That is a curious story of which a correspondent of the London Mail, who is a friend of Kruger and has been with him during the past few months, tells of Webster Davis and ex-Consul Macrum. The reason this correspondent gives for the great desire of Macrum to return home is that he had $60,000 of Kruger's gold to be used in creating a sentiment in this country in favor of the Boers. But more entertaining is that part of the story which relates to Webster Davis. The correspondent says Davis caused himself to be known to Kruger as the "secretary of state of the United States" and the man to whom McKinley is indebted for his election. The correspondent declares that Davis got $125,000 more of Kruger's gold to create a sentiment in favor of the Boers. For a long time, the correspondent says, "President Kruger had faith in Davis, but, losing it, he left for neutral territory." The correspondent is a man who stands well, yet many will refuse to believe a story which presents the leaders of the Boer war as taking $125,000 worth of stock in Webster Davis.

In the decorations that will adorn the city this week there is much that appeals to the senses through the eye. The effect of the artistic blending of colors is distinctly beautiful, and in some cases the grouping of the decorations has almost the effect of a picture. It is a question whether the mind is not more naturally open to enjoyment through the eye than through any other sense. Most persons have to be educated to enjoy music, and some never acquire the faculty, but a fine display of fireworks or a beautiful combination of colors is enjoyed by all alike. Probably no human being ever looked upon a rainbow without a sensation of pleasure. Whoever first spoke of "a symphony in colors" coined a happy phrase. The effect of a harmonious blending of colors upon the senses through the eye is not unlike that of harmonious music through the ear. Thousands of persons will enjoy the decorations this week and experience a pleasure from watching the kaleidoscopic electric lights which, without trying to define, they will recognize as a new and happy sensation.

Those who may have been led to believe that Governor Roosevelt's ideal of a man is something of a Rough Rider every day in the year, should read his article in the current issue of the Century on the subject of his ideals. In that article the man for whom Governor Roosevelt reserves his highest tribute is a hard working, obscure country person of whom he says:

As fine a figure as I can call to mind is that of the country clergyman in a poor farming community not far from the capital of the State of New York—a vigorous old man, who works on his farm six days in the week and on the seventh preaches what he himself has been practicing. The farm work does not occupy all of the week days, for there is not a spiritual need of his parishioners that he neglects. He visits them, looks after them if they are sick, baptizes the children, comforts those in sorrow, and is ready with shrewd advice for those who need aid; in short, shows himself from week's end to week's end a thoroughly sincere, earnest, hard working Christian. This is perhaps the healthiest type

In his speech at Linton yesterday Mr. Bryan said:

When you place a tax on consumption you make men pay according to what they want, and not according to what they have; and men's wants are more nearly equal than their possessions, because God gave us our wants, and He is a Democrat, but the Republican party is largely responsible for the possessions of people, and the inequality of possessions, and they are not Democrats.

Without commenting on the fallacy of this statement as a political argument the Journal has simply to say that the blasphemous allusion to the Deity stamps Mr. Bryan as a very coarse demagogue.

It is announced that out of 191 applicants for admission to Northwestern University only twenty-six were able to pass the examination in spelling and punctuation. An exchange regards this fact as highly suggestive that the practical branches are neglected in the higher schools. This is probably the case. Sometimes pupils are taught more of Roman and Grecian architecture than of the important things in everyday life. Very few people in the course of their education are given information connected with their own State government.

George Ade's "Fables."

The Journal has arranged for the publication of a series of Mr. George Ade's extremely clever humorous "fables," the second one appearing in this issue. The objection has been made to Mr. Ade's work by some literary purists that they contain much slang. They most assuredly do, but it cannot be denied that it is picturesque and effective slang. Also, it is in current use, and probably few readers except those who live in libraries find the terms used unfamiliar. The ready adoption of such "irregular" words into the American speech is possibly to be deplored, but there seems to be no way of preventing it, and since the language is a part of the street vernacular of the day it is interesting to see it set down in print. So embalmed it becomes, indeed, a distinct part of the literature of the time. The class of people described by Mr. Ade use the language as he uses it, and consequently his "Fables" are vivid bits of realism. In his lecture in Indianapolis last winter Mr. W. D. Howells said that the American novel was being produced by the writers of short stories in various parts of the country, each one depicting a phase of life found in his particular field. In the list of writers doing this service to literature and history he counted Mr. Ade. Some of the eccentricities of speech used so entertainingly in these "Fables" will, perhaps, come into permanent and legitimate use, but probably the most of them will pass into the limbo of lost words. In embalming them, therefore, in a form which clearly shows their application Mr. Ade has, in addition to giving joy to his contemporaries, done a service to philologists of the future. He is, as most readers of the Journal know, a native Indianian, his home being in Lafayette; but it is only just to say that his studies of language have been made in Chicago, and not in his own State.

A Readjusted Bible.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

It has remained for a Sunday-school supply company of London to break through the immemorial custom of the churches by publishing a Bible with the New Testament first. The person who first suggested the idea to the London publishers has written to the Rev. Dr. Buckley, of this city, that the new arrangement is the outcome of his own experience in searching out the truth of Christianity and of his conviction that many are perplexed by approaching it from the Hebrew standpoint. In the introduction to the Bible, as newly arranged, it is stated that "the Old Testament is meant as a candlestick upon which the New Testament should stand, yet we have largely made it an extinguisher which puts out its light." Here is an innovation which summarizes in a few words the common view of the relative importance of the two divisions of the Bible, and which has apparently escaped the serious deliberations of church courts and of the great revision committee. Probably the issue of immense numbers of New Testaments by the Bible societies is to be explained by a similar motive, the desire to avoid producing a confusing impression upon the mind by a book in which the less important, though by far the larger, part came first.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Force of Bad Example.

Delia strove to live by order, but she struggles now no more, since she read that Queen Victoria throws her letters on the floor.

A Society Ornament.

"Marie, doesn't young Noodletop do anything but stare when he calls to spend the evening?"

"Oh, yes, Louise; he yawns."

Nothing to Hinder.

"Do you believe a man could climb up to Pike's Peak on an automobile?"

"I don't know; but, say, he could come down all right."

Scared Into Recovery.

"Henry, the doctor didn't tell you that you were threatened with appendicitis, did he?"

"No, indeed; he told me that the last time, you know, and it cured the pain."

No Sympathy for Insomnia.

"Say, Jones, the minute you turn in you're asleep."

"Of course; that's what I go to bed for. If I wanted to prance around all night as you do, I'd keep my clothes on."

One Point Established.

"Is your daughter getting on well at that fashionable Eastern boarding school?"

"Well, her letters show that she hasn't improved any in spelling or grammar, but, socially, she's having an awfully good time."

Disastrous Contract.

"Somebody ought to tell Bryan never to take the name of Lincoln on his lips."

"Why oughtn't he?"

"Oh, goodness! Can't you understand how it makes an intelligent voter feel to look at Bryan and think of Lincoln?"

Footnotes.

Opportunity knocks at every man's door; the lazy man waits for her to climb in the window.

It is hard to forgive people who encourage us to stand and talk to them until we miss the street car.

A broken friendship is much like smashed china; the disaster occurs in secret and the blame can't be placed.

Man often has friends who depend on him at times when he feels that he can't depend on himself.

A discerning woman is one who gives a small boy a second piece of cake without asking him if he wants it.

The interesting people are those who have neither too much ignorance nor too much information.

It is a sad world in which people can't act pleasant without making other people wonder what they are up to.

Self-conceit is a disastrous human foible; no bird in midair ever seems occupied in admiring its own plumage.

The social world is for the energetic; indolent people like to wear old clothes and not talk unless they feel like it.

By not worrying you save your own time and the time of lots of people who seem to think they can keep you cheered up.

LITERARY NOTES.

Paul Leicester Ford, whose marriage recently occurred, had sold of his last novel, "Janice Meredith," 243,000 copies on the day of his wedding. Ten thousand more were then on the press.

The autobiography of Abdur Rahman, the Ameer of Afghanistan, which is soon to be published, is said to be exceedingly frank. Even the troubles and humors of his domestic life appear in it. It has been translated by one of the scholars of his court who knows English.

An English critic laments the too evident fact that adjectives are now found to be too clumsy instruments—that "fair," "better than it might be," "not so bad" and so on, are usually taken as slights in these loose days of praise slinging. "Superb drama," "exquisite beauty" and "wonderful spiritual depth" are expected by even the third-rate novelist.

A note from the publishers of "Monsieur Beaucaire" contains the statement that the author, Mr. Booth Tarkington, gets his name Booth through relationship to the famous family of actors, and that this fact may explain the dramatic instincts that Mr. Tarkington possesses in so high a degree and which are so clearly exhibited in his romance of the French prince who masquerades as a commoner.

The last complete life of Richardson, author of "Clarissa Harlowe," was the work of a woman, Mrs. Barbauld. It was published in 1804. A new life of the novelist, also by a woman, is now in course of preparation. The writer, Miss Clara L. Thompson, has found much fresh matter for her work. She has derived it not only from Richardson's unpublished letters in the Forster collection, but also from other contemporary sources.

This paragraph from the New York Literary Collector shows how the literary brethren love each other: "A very dreadful person who purchased a copy of The Bookman at a railroad station, recently, said to us, 'The publishers ought to re-christen it The Slob.' Now, we don't like slang, but sometimes slang is so delightfully expressive of the feelings that it must be used. Why not amalgamate with The Bookbuyer, Mr. Bookman, and use the name in the plural?" The worst of it is that a good many people will agree with the "very dreadful person."

A list of Catholic English writers of fiction has been made by the Tablet from a catalogue of summer novels. It includes F. Marion Crawford, Bernard Capes, Dorothea Gerard, Ella D'Arcy, Mrs. Parr, Adeline Sergeant, Katherine Tynan, Conan Doyle, F. C. Burnand, Lady Gilbert, Clara Mulholland, John Oliver Hobbes, Fitzgerald Molloy, George Egerton, George Moore, Max Pemberton, Mrs. Clement Shorter, Clement Scott, A. A. Beckett, Sir Hubert Jerningham, Miss Forbes Robertson, Florence Maryatt, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, Justin McCarthy, Father William Barry, Ignatius Donnelly and a dozen or more lesser lights.

WISDOM OF CURRENT FICTION.

Death is always dignified. Life is sometimes an indignity.—The Valley of the Great Shadow.

If the Almighty had wanted woman to be corset-shaped He'd have made her so.—The Bacillus of Beauty.

If so be death is a sleep, how much better to feel at the end, "I die, but I die self-approved, and justified by self."—A Friend of Caesar.

Death can occur more than once in life. The passing away of every strong emotion means a burial and a grave, a change and a resurrection.—Robert Orange.

The first appearances of a young girl in modern society are said to be comparable with "Looking Over by the Pack," as described by Mr. Kipling.—The Bacillus of Beauty.

And so the poor clouded soul went out into that world where God's mercy must have astonished her when she came to find no record kept of her slight offending.—Until the Day Break.

We who play at philosophy may not know all the time that there are gods, but at all times we know that there is the most god-like of divine attributes—love undefiled.—A Friend of Caesar.

It is that sense of the eternity of consequences—and that sense only—which can satisfy the human heart. Time is too short, this planet is too small, and this mortal body too weak for the surging thoughts, the unintelligible desires of the soul.—Robert Orange.

"When 'twas known you was goin' away," said Mrs. Lincoln, "Mr. Lincoln, he stuck to it 'twas a resk for a young critter like you to take such a tedjus ja'nt. He's one o' the despondin' kind, ye know. But I says to him, 'I've stayed right here like a barnacle on a rock all my life, ever sence you married me off'n Southport island,' I says, 'an' always wanted to go jelly-fishin' round, 's ye may say, floatin' here an' there, an' I'm glad Anne's got the chance 't I never had.' When I was a girl I visited to Salem, an' there I see Daniel Webster, an' that an' the time Mr. Lincoln fell off'n the barn roof an' broke his arm was the only real sights I ever see."—Memory Street.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The payment of from $75 to $100 a day for rooms, exclusive of meals, in New York hotels is by no means uncommon. There are people living in the Waldorf-Astoria who pay $100 a day for their rooms the year round.

A thief in Paris being chased by the police threw away during his flight the purse he had stolen and was in a fair way, after being taken to the police station, of being allowed to go free for lack of sufficient evidence to hold him when his faithful dog, which he had trained to fetch and carry, trotted into the station wagging its tail and with the missing purse in its mouth.

Madame Doue, whatever she may think of her own art, is pessimistic as to the effort of many of her contemporaries. She despairs of the theater and says "To save it it must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague; they poison the air, and make art impossible. It is not the drama they play, but pieces for the theater."

Much to the surprise of everybody who knows ex-Empress Eugenie she has just lent to her nephew, Prince Victor Bonaparte, and to his actress wife her favorite castle of Arenenberg, on the shores of Lake Constance. The castle was so much beloved by the ill-fated hope of the Napoleonic dynasty, Prince Louis, killed in Zuhland, that he preferred it to any other spot in the world.

Since the death of Miss Van Lew of Richmond, Va., it has become known that she received from a Boston gentleman an annuity of about $1,000. This Boston friend was one of the officers who tunneled out of Libby Prison at the time so many made their escape from there. It is understood that Miss Van Lew aided in getting him through the lines to his home in Boston.

At a gathering of old folk in the town of Charlemont, Mass., the other day, the chairman called upon all present who were over seventy years of age to arise, and seventy-two responded. He then asked all those who were over eighty to stand up, and there were twelve who had passed that limit. A similar call for all over the age of ninety brought four members of the gathering to their feet.

The name of the Prince of Wales did not appear in the list of present-makers to Lady Randolph Churchill. That was in accordance with his own wish, lest he should seem to abet a marriage of which his judgment disapproved. But the prince did not forget his long and kind acquaintanceship with the bride, and he personally gave to her, the day before the wedding, asserts the London Daily Chronicle, a little gold pig set with jewels.

The pet rooster of a chicken fancier in New Brunswick, N. J., is no longer noisy, though he still goes through the motions of crowing defiance to everything else that wears feathers. The bird's voice was cultivated by his owner and was used to such an extent as to annoy the neighbors until some one captured him one night and cut his vocal chords. Now he flaps his wings in the most approved style, but utters no sound, and every one in the vicinity sleeps as late as he pleases in the morning.

W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, librettist and all-round satirist, is noted for his repartee. A recent example of this is related. It seems that Mr. Gilbert was lunching in a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."

M. Brunetiere, the editor of the Revue les Deux Mondes, is an authority on Bossuet, who is often styled "the Eagle of Meaux." After his recent visit to this country he received a letter from a showman of the Barnum type, as follows: "I have just heard that a Meaux eagle, very celebrated, it appears, in your own country, has become your exclusive property. As proprietor of one of the largest museums in the States, I may say that this Meaux eagle, whose reputation has been enhanced by your eloquence, would be valuable to me. If you will let me have this rare bird, and tell me how to feed him, you can quote your own figure."

Fine raiment hasn't much to do
With the quality of love,
The glad hand is not seldom found
In a very sorry glove.
—Detroit Journal.

This golfing maid, I am afraid,
Is not so staid, for when I said,
"I fain a tee would make for thee!"
"Te, he! Te, he!" she answered me.
—Detroit Journal.

A cultured old gen of Siam
Grew enamored of Omar Khayyam.
Said he, "My dear Omar,
Oh, you are my Homer."
And Omar Khayyam said, "I AM."
—Life.

Slate Pencils.

Cement and Slate.

Slate pencils were formerly all cut from solid slate, just as it is dug from the earth, but pencils so made were objected to on account of the grit which they contain, and which would scratch the slate. To overcome this difficulty an ingenious process has been devised by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substances removed and the powder bolted through silk cloth in much the same manner in which flour is bolted. The powder is then made into a dough, and this dough is subjected to a very heavy hydraulic pressure, which presses the pencil out the required shape and diameter, but in length of about three feet. While yet soft the pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry the pencils are placed in steam baking kilns, where they receive the proper temper. Pencils made in this manner are not only free from all grit and of uniform hardness, but are stronger than those cut out of solid slate. For these reasons they have superseded the old kind. Over 25,000,000 of these pencils were made and sold in 1899 by one American concern in Chattanooga.

The Modern Fable of Lutie, the False Alarm, and How She Finished About the Time She Started

By George Ade

[Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.]

Lutie was an Only Child. When Lutie was eighteen her Mother said they ought to do something with Lutie's Voice. The neighbors thought so, too. Some recommended Killing the Nerve, while others allowed that it ought to be Pulled.

But what Lutie's Mother meant was that Lutie ought to have it Cultivated by a Professor. She felt that Lutie had a Career awaiting her and might travel with an Elocutionist some day and have her Picture on the Programme.

Lutie's Father did not Warm Up to the Suggestion. He was rather Near when it came to frivoling away the National Bank Lithographs, but Pshaw! The Astute Reader knows what happens in any Family when Mother and the Only Child put their Heads together to whip-saw the Producer. One day they shouldered him into a Corner and extorted a Promise, and thereupon Lutie started to Take Lessons.

She bought a red leather Cylinder marked "Music" so that People would not take it to be Lunch. Every Morning about 9 o'clock she would wave the House-Work to one side and tear for a Trolley.

Her Lessons cost the Family about Twenty Cents a Minute. She took them in a large Building full of Vocal Studios. People who didn't know used to stop and listen and think it was a Surgical Institute. There were enough Soprani in this one Plant to keep Maurice Grau stocked up for a Century. Every one thought that she was the Particular One who sooner or later would send Melba back to Australia and drive Sembrich into the Continuous. And Lutie was about as Nifty as the next one.

When she was at Home she would suck Lemons and complain about the Draughts and tell why she didn't like the Other Girls' Voices. She began to act like a Prima Donna and her Mother was encouraged a Lot. Lutie certainly had the Artistic Temperament bigger than a Church Debt.

Now, before Lutie started in to do Things to her Voice she occasionally Held Hands with a young man in the Insurance Business named Oliver. This young man thought that Lutie was All the Eggs, and she regarded him as her Permanent Car-Fare. But when Lutie began to hang around the Studios she took up with the Musical set, that couldn't talk about anything Except Technique and Shading and how to fasten the Vibrato on the Chest Tone. She began to fill up the Parlor with her New Friends, and the first thing Oliver knew he was in the Side Pocket and out of the Game. In his own Line he was as Neat and Easy Running as a Red Buggy, but when you started him on the Topic of Music he was about as light and Speedy as a Steam Roller. Ordinarily he knew how to behave in a Flat, and with a good Feeder to work back at him he could talk about Shows and Football Games and Things to Eat, but when any one tried to draw him out on the Classics he was an Ossified Dummy. When Lutie and her Musical Acquaintances told about Shopan and Batoven he would sit so Quiet that sometimes he would get Numb below the Hips. He was afraid to move his Feet, for fear some one would notice that he was still in the Room and ask him how he liked Fugue No. 11, by Bock. He had never heard of any of these People, because they did not carry any Tontine Policies with his Company.

Oliver saw that he would have to Scratch the Musical Set or else Read Up, so he changed his Route. He canceled all Time with Lutie and made other Bookings.

Lutie then chose for her Steady a young Man with Hair who played the 'Cello. He was so Wrapped Up in his Art that he acted Dopey most of the Time and often forgot to send out the Laundry Bag so as to get it back the same week. Furthermore, he didn't get to the Suds any too often. He never saw more than Six Dollars at any one time in his Life, but when he snuggled up alongside of a 'Cello and began to tease the long plaintive Notes out of it, you could feel that he had a soul for Music. Lutie thought he was Great, but what Lutie's father thought of him could never get past the Censor.

Lutie's Father regarded the Musical Set as a Fuzzy Bunch. He began to think that in making any Outlay for Lutie's Vocal Training he had bought a Gold Brick. When he first consented, his Hope was that after she had Practised for about one Term she would be able to sit up to the Instrument along in the Dusk, before the Lamps were lit, and sing "When the Corn Is Waving, Annie Dear," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," or else, "Juanita." These were the Songs linked in his Memory with some Purple Evenings in the Happy Long Ago. He knew they were Chestnuts and had been Called In, but they suited him and he thought that, as he had Put Up for Lutie's Lessons, he ought to have some kind of a Small Run For his Money.

Would Lutie sing such Trash? Not she. She was looking for difficult Arias from the Italian, and she found many a one that was difficult to Sing, and probably more difficult to Listen To. The Voice began to be Erratic, also. When Father wanted to sit by the Student's Lamp and read his Scribner's, that was just when Lutie wanted to hammer the Piano, and do her whole Repertoire. But when they really wanted her to sing, before Company, it was like pulling Teeth. She would hang back and have to be Coaxed. If she didn't have a Sore Throat, then the Piano was Out of Tune, or else she had left her Notes at the Studio, or may be she just couldn't sing without an Accompanist. But after they had Pleaded hard enough and everybody was embarrassed and sorry they had come, she would Saunter toward the Piano timidly and sort of trifle with it for awhile, and say they would have to make allowances, and then she would Cut Loose and worry the whole Block.

The Company would sit there wearing the Parlor Face, and after she got through they would come To and tell her how Good she was.

She made so many of these Drawing Room Hits with the Friends of the Family that there was no Holding her. She billed herself as a Nightingale. Often she volunteered her Services at Soirees and Club Entertainments, and nowhere did she met with a True Friend to take her aside and tell her that her voice was all right if she wouldn't try to Sing with it.

No, Lutie never got out of her Dream until she made a bold Sashay with a Concert Company. It was her Professional Debut. Father fixed it up for her. He Bribed the Manager.

The Idea of anybody paying Good Money to hear Lutie sing struck Father as being almost good enough to Print. But he knew that she wouldn't be Happy until she got it—and she Got It right where the Newport Lady wears the Rope of Pearls.

On the First Night the mean old Critics, who didn't know Father or Mother, and had never been entertained at the House, came and got in the Front Row and defied Lutie to come on and Make Good. Next Morning they said that Lutie had Blow-Holes in her Voice, that she hit the Key only once during the Agony and then fell off backward; that she was a Ham and her Dress didn't fit her and she lacked Stage Presence. They expressed Surprise that she should be attempting to Sing when any Girl of Average Intelligence could learn to pound a Type-Writer in four Weeks. They wanted to know who was responsible for her Appearance, and said it was a Shame to String these Jay Amateurs.

Lutie read the Criticisms and went into a Nervous Collapse. Her Mother was all Wrought Up and said somebody ought to go and kill the Editors. Father bore it grimly. Before Lutie was Convalescent he had all the difficult Italian Arias carted out of the House. The Cello Player called one day and he was given minutes to get out of the Ward.

By the time Oliver looked in again Lutie was good and ready to pay some Attention to him. She is now doing a few quiet Vocalizations for her intimate Friends. When some one who has not heard tells her that she has Nordica stopped and that she is good enough to go out in Opera, she asks some one to open a Window and let in the Cool Air.

MORAL—When in Doubt, try it on the Box-Office.